









AFTER THE EVENTS AT HALF-MARY STATION, DRIFT AND MARY ARE ABOUT TO BEING A COMPUTERIZED ROBOT TO EARTH FOR RETRIAL...

10/6

SQUARK: STONAWAYS IN - BLUP-BLEP - MODULE USR, BLUPRY ALUD - SQUARK P!

DRY RE ATTENTION TO MR. JAWBLED WOODS, DRIFT!



HIS OUTPUT IS BUBBLED BECAUSE THE BULLETT DAMAGED HIS CIRCUITRY!

BUT I CAN'T STAND MR. BAWBOW MURRY! I'M GOING TO DEACTIVATE HIM!

10/7



-BLUP-BLEP- IS HONING IN SERVICE MODULE 1 SQUARK! ...GLACK!

THAT'S ENOUGH GORRIBLE - DESIGN, HITCH OLD BOY! I SHOULD HAVE TURNED YOU OFF BEFORE!



BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE YOUR COMMERCIALS HAVE NO BASIS, I'LL INSPECT THE SERVICE MODULE FOR STONAWAYS!



MEANWHILE, MARY REMAINS AT THE CONTROLS...

GOOD GRACE! I'M AS IRRATIONAL AS NITRO! I'M SEEING THINGS!

10/8



I MUST BE LOSING MY GRIP ON REALITY! WE SEEM TO BE DRIPPING A... A...



AN ENORMOUS SPACE CREATURE! ...YII-EEK!



MARY! WHERE IN BLAZES MADE YOU SCREAM?

I-I SAW SOMETHING HORRIBLE OUTSIDE! DRIFT, LET'S MAKE RE-ENTRY NOW! FAST!

10/9



THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE NOW, MARY! YOU'VE JUST BEEN IN SPACE TOO LONG! YOU HAD AN HALLUCINATION!

NO! SOB NO!



IT WAS TOO VIVID, DRIFT! A HUGE THING-- AS BIG AS A BUILDING-- UNULATING IN SPACE!



I DON'T THINK I COULD EVER DESISTE IN DRIFT! IT WAS... TERRIFYING!



WE'RE LATE IN STARTING RE-ENTRY! WE COULD WAIT UNTIL THE NEXT ORBIT, BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU!

DRIFT, I WON'T BELIEVE I WAS HALLUCINATING!



YOU'VE GOT TO, MARY! YOU KNOW STRESS CAN PRODUCE THE BREAK-OF PHENOMENON! ... SERVICE MODULE JETTISONED! FIRE RETROS!



AND SO THE ADVANCED APOLLO CAPSULE IS EJECTED FROM AN ORBITAL PATH THAT MARY WILL NOT SOON FORGET...



PARASOLIDER DEPLOYED... YOU FEEL OKAY NOW, MARY?



I FEEL LIKE I'VE HAD A NIGHTMARE, DRIFT!

RELAX, GAL! NO LAND IN SIGHT YET! WE'LL TRY TO KEEP FROM SQUAWKING DOWN AS LONG AS POSSIBLE!



PRESENTLY...

LOOK! DRIFTING THIS WAY-- A MANNED SPACE CAPSULE!



James Bond
BY IAN FLEMING
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE



ON HER
MAJESTY'S
SECRET
SERVICE



EVERY SCENE OF KIDNAP, BATTERY LEAD, AND SO FAR PROVED ABORTIVE

THIS IS TERRIBLE! BLOFIELD DEAD! SO WHY DID HE ATTEMPT TO TURN ME INTO A DETECTIVE LOOKING FOR A GHOST?

FOR THIRTEEN MONTHS JAMES BOND HAD BURNED BANGBURN ALL OVER THE WORLD IN THE PURSUIT OF BRIGGS STANLEY BLOFIELD—FOUNDER AND HEAD OF SPECTRE—THE SPECIAL EXPLOITER FOR COUNTERINTELLIGENCE, TERRORISM, BOMBING AND EXTORTION

James Bond
BY IAN FLEMING
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE



BOND'S LATEST ASSIGNMENT IN HIS SEARCH FOR BLOFIELD LANDED HIM IN SICILY, AT THE HAIRBRED VINEYARD OF ONE BLUMENFELDER, DESCRIBED AS A VITICULTURIST



BLUMENFELDER TURNED OUT TO BE A PERFECTLY RESPECTABLE GERMAN PROFESSOR...



WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

James Bond
BY IAN FLEMING
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE



BLUMENFELDER BORE NO PERFORMANCE WHATSOEVER TO TWO BLINDING GUESTS STAYING BLOFIELD



I AM ENGAGED IN VITICULTURAL RESEARCH—THE GRAFTING OF MOSSEL GRAPES ON TO THE SICILIAN STRAINS TO ENHANCE THE SUGAR CONTENT. I THINK YOU WOULD STEAL MY SECRETS...



FORTUNATELY I WORK UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MAFIA, WHOM I NOW INTEND TO INFORM. NO DOUBT YOU WILL HAVE HEARD OF THE MAFIA?

James Bond
BY IAN FLEMING
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE



BLUMENFELDER WAS HIS GOOD AS HIS WORD. WITHIN MINUTES OF BOND LEAVING THE VINEYARD, THE ENTIRE LOCAL MAFIA WAS ALERTED...

AN ENGLISHMAN, HERE PROFESSOR? TALK—DRINK—A SCAR ON HIS FACE? WE HAVE BEEN WATCHING HIM...



HE HAS A BOAT WAITING TO TAKE HIM TO THE MAINLAND. AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT—YES? THE ENGLISHMAN'S BODY WILL BE WASHED UP WITH THE TIDE!

James Bond
BY IAN FLEMING
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE



JAMES BOND'S DEPARTURE FROM SICILY WAS PRECIPITATE—AND IGNOMINIOUS...



BUT IT LEAST HE COULD CONGRATULATE HIMSELF ON BEING A FEW JUMPS AHEAD OF THE LOCAL MAFIA



LET HIM GO. HE WILL NOT BE IN A HURRY TO RETURN. HE IS LUCKY, THAT ONE!

James Bond
BY IAN FLEMING
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE



AT NO OF STATION IN ON THE AIRCRAFT AFTER HIS ESCAPE FROM SICILY, JAMES BOND'S ATTENDANCE PRECIPITOUSLY POINT...



I AM PRO TO THE TITHS CHASING A GHOST. BLOFIELD'S DEATH I HAVE TOLD AT A DOZEN TIMES...

THE GAME GOES FOR SPECTRE—IT'S OBVIOUS THE THING IS REAL. CHASING, IT SIMPLY NO LONGER EXISTS



HAD IF I BORROW THE TYPEWRITER? I WANT TO DRAFT OUT A LETTER—SPECIAL AT



Jeff Hawke
BY STEVE JORDAN

AT A SMALL
PRIVATE
FREIGHTPORT
IN THE
NORTH OF
ENGLAND,
ONE
PERFECTLY
ORDINARY
AND VERY
FOUL
NIGHT...

THE HOLE IN SPACE

H4174

Jeff Hawke
BY STEVE JORDAN



YARGH,
WET
FEET!



SHE'LL BE
OUT WITH
SOMEONE
ELSE, NEEDS
MUST!



SANDALWOOD,
CEDARWOOD, AND
SWEET WHITE
WINE!

Jeff Hawke
BY STEVE JORDAN



YOU KNOW WHAT,
I THINK IT'S THE LATEST
SECRET AMERICAN
AUTOMOBILE
DESIGN!



IT'LL BE
BUMPY
GOING
UP...

NO LOOSE
CARGO TO
WORRY ABOUT,
THOUGH...

Jeff Hawke
BY STEVE JORDAN



YOU STILL
THERE, CHARLIE,
OLD BOY, DOZING
AT THE LOS
FIRE, EH?



THAT'S RIGHT,
SIR, RESOLUTE,
DEPENDABLE, AND
GLAD TO EARN THE
OVERTIME...



Jeff Hawke
BY STEVE JORDAN



GOOD—

ALL AS IT
SHOULD BE—



YOU AT THE
WINDOW, CHARLIE,
ANXIOUS FOR US IN
THIS WEATHER?

I AM,
INDEED,
SIR.



Jeff Hawke
BY STEVE JORDAN



OKEY-DOKE,
CHARLIE—



GEAR UP—
FULL POWER—
TAKE-OFF
CHECKS,
PLEASE—



RIGHT, SIR,
HOPE THE BIRD'S
STILL THERE. GET
ME A BOTTLE OF
FIVE-STAR, AS
USUAL—TAPE IT
INTO THE PORT
UNDERCART
WELL—

H4175



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FENNELL

THE HEAD GIRLS



A MONTH ON THE ISLAND OF COASTALITY IN THE JAWWARRERS



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FENNELL

A WORK-OUT TO INCLUDE THAT MODESTY'S HEADS AND HER FULLY HEARD



MODESTY BLAISE

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MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FENNELL



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FENNELL



RUMORS OF THE CURSED CITY CALLED PHOENIX... WHEN THE GOLDEN "PHANTOM" COMES TO CONSOLE...

"AND THE STRANGER CALLED PHANTOM ARRIVES..."



"THEN," SAY THE ANCIENT FRIENDS--"THE CITY WILL BE REBORN FOR A SINGLE NIGHT."



HE IS A HERO... HE KILLED THE GREAT BEAST... WHO IS HE?



HE IS NEAR FROM HIS BATTLE...





IN THE SAFE, AND AULT AND HIS BROTHER, JORGE, ARE HOLDING TED PRISONER IN THE GUEST ROOMS — IT'S REALLY A BASEMENT CELL.

THEN AULT ACTUALLY FRAMED YOUR BROTHER TED! WHERE IS THIS 'COMBINATION' HE MADE HIM SIGN, THEA?



THREA, I BELIEVE YOU DO HAVE EXTRA-SENSORY POWERS. IF YOU ARE MOVED DEEPLY ENOUGH, THERE MIGHT BE A WAY FOR US TO GET THAT 'PHONY' 'COMBINATION' AND DESTROY IT.



OH, RIP? HOW? MAKE EMERSON AULT THINK ABOUT HIS SAFE. THEN CONCENTRATE AS YOU HAVE NEVER CONCENTRATED BEFORE — AND READ HIS MIND FOR THE COMBINATION!



YES, THEA! I KNOW IT SOUNDS FAR OUT, BUT STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED IN THE WORLD OF EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION.

READ... READ EMERSON AULT'S MIND WHEN HE THINKS ABOUT THE COMBINATION TO HIS SAFE?



INFORMATION IS A POWERFUL FORCE IN TELEPATHY. YOU WANT VERY MUCH TO HELP YOUR BROTHER, DON'T YOU?



MORE THAN I HAVE EVER WANTED ANYTHING IN MY LIFE!

THEN YOU CAN DO IT! THAT COMBINATION WILL MEAN FREEDOM FOR BOTH OF YOU. GET IT?



RIP, AULT WANTS ME TO STAGE A FAKE SEANCE AND GET MESSAGES FROM THE DEAD. TOO, TO 'GUIDE' HIS CLIENTS.

I'LL BE THERE WITH HELEN HARRISON, THEA. YOU HAVE THAT COMBINATION FOR ME WHEN WE ARRIVE...



MAYBE WE CAN SPOIL ALL OF HIS GAMES AT ONCE. NOW YOU'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK BEFORE HE COMES LOOKING FOR YOU. GOODBYE FOR...



AH! I'M TERRIBLY SORRY TO BREAK UP THIS SCIENTIFIC DISCUSSION, BUT THE CAR IS WAITING...



UNTIL WE SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN, THEN, THEA.

YOU'VE GIVEN ME NEW HOPE, RIP. I'LL DO EVERYTHING JUST AS YOU SAY...



PRETEND TO GO ALONG WITH EMERSON AULT'S PLANS, THEA, AS WELL AS TWO, CAN PLAY HIS GAME, AND TRY TO GET THAT COMBINATION TO THE SAFE...



A LITTLE LATER.

WELCOME BACK, MR. AULT! I WASN'T CERTAIN YOU WOULD BE SO... AH... COOPERATIVE.

IT'S REALLY GOOD TO BE BACK, MR. AULT! AFTER ALL, THIS IS MY HOME...



AFTER DINNER THAT NIGHT.

IT'S SO COSY IN HERE. MAY I JOIN YOU BY THE FIRE FOR A TIME, MR. AULT?



DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU, MY DEAR. YOUR TRIP TODAY REALLY SEEMS TO HAVE DONE YOU GOOD!

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID. PERHAPS I DO HAVE THE POWER TO RECEIVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.



AND IN THE CITY.

I THINK MY FRIEND THE EDITOR OF THIS NEWSPAPER, WILL LET ME LOOK AT ANY CLIPPINGS HE HAS IN THE MORGUE ON EMERSON AULT...

THE SAFE IS BEHIND THAT PICTURE. NOW CAN I BRING UP THE SUBJECT?



IN A SOCIAL CITY ROOM.

HELLO, JOE. I WONDER IF I COULD ASK A FAVOR OF YOU?

RIP, IF YOU WANT ME TO LEAVE. THIS GLAMOROUS POSITION AND SAIL AROUND THE WORLD ON YOUR YACHT, THE ANSWER IS 'YES!'



NO, NO! I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO MAKE SUCH A SACRIFICE. JUST LET ME SEE ANYTHING YOU HAVE ON FILE ABOUT AN INVESTMENT ADVISER NAMED EMERSON AULT.



AND IN THE AULT MANSION.

AS YOU SAY, MR. AULT, I CAN'T KNOW ABOUT SPIRIT MESSAGES BECAUSE I NEVER TRIED TO RECEIVE THEM...

EXACTLY, MY CHILD! IT'S LOVELY TO HEAR YOU SPEAK SO COOPERATIVELY...

Dagger's move takes the hill tribesmen by surprise.



VERY GENTLY NOW, EVERYONE DROP HIS ARMS! GARTH, GET OUR EQUIPMENT...WE'RE LEAVING!

SARNA WILL BE OUR SAFE CONDUCT...TILL WE FIND WHAT WE WANT IN YOUR TERRITORY AND SET OUT, INTRUSERS IN ANY WAY...AND YOUR PRINCESS DIES!

THIS SHOULD CONVINCE THEM WE MEAN BUSINESS!



With the princess as hostage, Dagger and Garth retreat from the hill tribes village...

WHY DID YOU SHOOT THOSE MEN? THEY WEREN'T TRYING TO STOP US!



QUALMS, GARTH... FROM A MAN WHO KILLED TO GET A TREASURE MAP?

I WAS DISCOVERED, AND HAD TO ESCAPE. BUT THIS WAS POINTLESS!



HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE TWO MEN HARBORING US, GARTH? AFTER MY ACTIONS THOSE TRIBESMEN WILL BE MUCH LESS CORDIAL TO THE NEXT OUTSIDERS THEY MEET!



Corrigan and W'omba continue their pursuit of Garth and Dagger...

SEE THE TRACKS, THEY WERE TAKEN PRISONER.

PRISONERS? BY WHOM?



DESERT NOMADS FROM THE NORTH SETTLES IN THESE HILLS CENTURIES AGO. THEY'RE VERY SUSPICIOUS OF OUTSIDERS.

THEN WE MAY FIND OUR MEN WHEN WE GET TO THEIR VILLAGE.



No, Phil, what suggests you in that village is NOT your fugitives, but TROUBLE!



As Phil and W'omba approach the hill tribes village...

GUNFIRE!



W'OMBA, YOU SAID THESE PEOPLE WERE SUSPICIOUS OF OUTSIDERS. I'D CALL THIS DOWNRIGHT HOSTILE!

SOMETHING HAS STIRRED THEM UP.



WE DON'T NEED A CRYSTAL BALL TO GUESS THAT "SOMETHING" WAS DASSER AND GARTH!



Superintendent W'omba shouts to the charging tribesmen

STOP! I AM AN OFFICER OF THE UHARI NATIONAL POLICE!



AND YOU WILL DIE!

YOU ARE A LYING OUTSIDER AS WERE THOSE DOGS WHO KIDNAPPED OUR PRINCESS AND KILLED OUR BROTHERS!



The hill tribesmen swarm over Phil and W'omba's position...



DAGGER! BACK IN THE DISTANCE... SHOTS AND SHOUTING!

YES, GARTH. PRINCESS SARNA'S PEOPLE HAVE FOUND AN OUTLET FOR THEIR FRUSTRATION IN NOT BEING ABLE TO PUNISH US!

by Edgar Rice Burroughs



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SEEMS STRANGE THAT WE SHOULD BE GOING TO THE CENTER OF EARTH THROUGH THE AIR—?



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